

SELLS SUGAR CHEAP TO CITY FOR POOR

Firm Phones Market Commissioner of 15 Barrels at \$7.86 a Hundred Pounds.

WHOLESALE ACCUSED

Austin, Nichols & Co. Must Answer to Food Board for Alleged Overcharging.

"Well, I'll be blessed!" exclaimed the Rev. Jonathan C. Day, Commissioner of Public Markets, yesterday when a voice over the telephone said: "We've got fifteen barrels of sugar we don't need in our business; you can have it at \$7.86 per 100 pounds for resale among the poor of the city."

The Commissioner closed the deal at once and then made arrangements with settlement houses and other agencies for the distribution of the sugar where it will do good.

"The offer will cost the city," he said, "the offer of 5,250 pounds was made by the Gasc Specialty Company, dealers in bakers' specialties at 131 Waite street. The sugar is known as 'brown sugar' but it is almost white in appearance."

Officials of Austin, Nichols & Co. have been summoned to appear at 1 o'clock this afternoon before the Federal Food Board to answer allegations that the firm made excess charges in wholesale transactions in sugar. Complaints were made by the retailers, who produced bills which it is alleged show that slightly more than the administration's wholesale price was charged.

Harry Balfe, president of the company, said yesterday: "The only answer I can give is that we are complying to the letter with the Food Administration regulations. Under no circumstances would we permit any price on sugar except that authorized by the Food Administration."

It is understood the claim will be made that any error in clerical error. The Federal Food Board's investigators are on the trail of a dealer who charged 15 cents a pound for two pounds of sugar.

"I told him that the United States Government charge was only 10 cents a pound," the spokesman, who is identified as Arthur Williams, Federal Food Administrator, "and the man replied: 'I don't care anything about the United States Government; my charge is 15 cents.'"

Sentence was suspended by Justice French, Mose and Hermann in the Court of Special Sessions yesterday in the case against Hyman Borok, a shirtwaist manufacturer of 1550 Boston road, accused of hoarding fifty-two barrels of sugar. A representative of the Attorney-General's office assured that since his arrest Borok had sold the sugar to charitable institutions at five cents a pound. It was also said that Food Administrator Williams had consented to Borok's release.

GET MILLION IN "CON" GAME.

Five Accused of Feeding as Allied Purchasing Agents.

Chicago, Jan. 4.—Joseph Well, F. K. Buckmaster and three others, said to have represented themselves as purchasing agents of the French and British Governments, were indicted today on charges of having duped two Indiana business men of \$115,000 through the operation of an alleged confidence game. The total operations of the band are said to have netted them upward of \$1,000,000.

The indictments charge Well and Buckmaster, John Smith, James W. Head and Michael Reel with conspiring to commit confidence games in which Albert C. Charles, president of the Kokomo Steel and Wire Works of Kokomo, Ind., lost \$100,000, and Charles H. Worden, president of the First National Bank of Fort Wayne, Ind., was swindled out of \$15,000.

U. S. HAS 50,000 SLACKERS.

That is Estimate Made by Crowder in Report.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—There are 50,000 real slackers in the United States, according to Provost Marshal-General Crowder's estimate in his report to Secretary Baker. That calculation supposes that ten men in each registration district have escaped service without being caught. About 250,000 of the more than 2,000,000 registered men failed to appear when called for examination.

The report shows that 222 Germans of German blood have been accepted in the National Army. A total of 14,181 enemy aliens were accepted, the rest being Austrians or Hungarians. The enemy alien registration was 259,431, of whom 194,672 were called to produce the 14,181 accepted. All aliens accepted make a total of 76,545.

TEACHERS MAY LOSE LICENSES.

State Board Asked to Act Upon Case of Accused Trio.

Dr. Straubmuller said yesterday that he had requested the State Department of Education at Albany to revoke the licenses of Samuel D. Schmalhausen, Thomas Mufson and A. Henry Schaefer, teachers who were found guilty of misconduct in not assuming a patriotic attitude toward the war. It is expected that the revocation will be granted, but a thirty day period will be given the teachers to argue the point.

Dr. Henry Lindvall, president of the Teachers' Union, said that a strong objection to the revocation will be made, and that the teachers will be barred from the educational system of the State.

Two Camp Gordon Soldiers Wed.

ATLANTA, Jan. 4.—Miss Mary Mauser of New York was married here today to Frank J. Dede, also of New York, and now at Camp Gordon. Miss Louise of the city of Holyoke, Mass., also was married to a Camp Gordon soldier, Ralph Charles Phillips of West Springfield, Mass. Both brides came to Atlanta to wed because their fiancés had been removed suddenly to Camp Gordon before wedding arrangements could be made in the North.

Kennedy
12 Cortlandt
A Bar Against High Prices

JANUARY SALE
Beginning this morning
1,500 pairs of
\$5.00 & \$6.00 Shoes
At \$3.95
Pair

All Leathers, mostly all sizes
Skating & Basket Ball
Shoes at \$2.95.

IN THE BOOK WORLD

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THE WINDS OF THE WORLD, by Talbot Mundy. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company), \$1.50.

This book is important purely as popular fiction, but that is by no means a small or an inferior importance. It is not literature. Neither does it fall of being literature, for it makes no such claim. It is frankly and without any spurious assumption a good rousing story of intrigue and action and adventure in India at the beginning of the present war. There is intrigue in it which makes no pretence of historical disguise; there is real character drawing, sketchy and vivid and vigorous, without pretence of being anything more than a story; and there is local color laid on loud and starting as a bomb what we expect of the Orient, an atmosphere of violent action and passion with a tang of music and spicery and sunburnt earth about it, yet with no air of scientific study or an environment. The tale is not told for the sake of telling you anything about psychology or humanity or India; it exists altogether for its own sake, everything in it bent to the single purpose of the telling of the tale. And if you are one to like that sort of story (a man, for choice; it is not favored for the ladies) then you will hardly sleep until you reach the end.

Of course the immediate comparison is with the Indian tales of Mr. Kipling; a comparison inevitable in any subsequent narrative of modern India, but here extending far beyond the inevitable. For to compare this work with Kipling is to draw out an endless parallel of coincidence. There is the native regiment—Sikhs at that—with its English and its native officers precisely as we have already heard of them. There is the cantonments and the Club full of stern gentlemen of the Service and the Civil Service, and the house full of mysterious doors and strange odors and sudden death. There is the Great Game, just as it is played in Kipling; and the ruined temple with its cobras, much like that one in *The Nalaka*. There is Yamini, who might well be an enlarged and colored photograph of Lalun, and there is a fat, fearful and wily Babu who bears something more than a racial likeness to Hurree Chunder.

All this sounds like accumulated evidence of imitation, if not of plagiarism. And yet there is no reason for supposing any such thing. We understand that as a matter of fact Mundy has not only himself lived and worked in India, but that he has also relatives high in the Indian service; so that his material comes to him from the inside and at first hand, with no need to gather it as crumbs from the master's table. There is perhaps no single detail in the book which might not have been borrowed out of Kipling; but there is also no detail which need have been so borrowed, which might not as well have been studied at the source and taken where Mr. Kipling himself took all the common treasure that he has to our general sense made his own. And that is to all appearances what has happened. The two authors have written of the same highly characteristic things, and have both written truly. And so coincidence after coincidence bears its equivocal witness to the truth.

Mr. Mundy does not write like Mr. Kipling. Nobody does. That he suggests him sometimes in the turn of a sentence or the management of a scene is only to say how potent has been the great writer's influence. For, imitation aside, it is as nearly impossible to write an Indian military tale without suggesting Mr. Kipling as it would be to write an epic of Eden without suggesting Milton, or a Rubaiyat without suggesting Fitzgerald. The ill natured criticism would be to say that *The Winds of the World* is Kipling diluted. But then if we cannot avoid another Kipling we may well be grateful for a good second choice. Even diluted Kipling will do to be thankful for. A better figure would be to say that the comparison of the two is like the comparison between a French and a California wine. And if this be taken as a slur, the answer is that there are some very good wines in California.

JOHN KEATS. By Sidney Colvin.

(Charles Scribner's Sons.) \$4.50.

A century—almost precisely—has elapsed since the publication of the first volume of poems by John Keats, a man untimely born, untimely dying, who was ushered into life prematurely in a stable, and vanished from it prematurely at the foot of a famous staircase leading up to one of the highest hills of the Eternal City. About his coming and his going there is something that is now admittedly miraculous, for of this poet of the godlike face and more than godlike wit it can only be said that he was young on earth and lovable, and that therefore the gods loved him and took him to themselves before his prime. His final publication was issued in 1820 when he was only five and twenty years of age; and he was dead and buried before the calendar recorded his next birthday.

"If I had had time," . . . Keats said to Joseph Severn on his deathbed; but time has amply recompensed him since his death. His name, as Rossetti said in an inspired moment, was not written but removed in water, and his reputation has increased endogenously—ring on ring, like the girth of a great tree that adds circuitously to its bulk in the kindly course of nature. Keats is now regarded—a scant century since his untimely death—not merely as one of the great masters of English poetry and English verse, but also as one of the shining apostles to the human race, the archpriest in modern times of that supreme religion that may be summarized most briefly in the dictum that "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." The mastery of this doctrine is so important that they could not adequately be explained by any commentator in less than a hundred thousand words; yet Keats uttered his divine pronouncement in five words, and thereby rescued with a single phrase an obfuscated earth from an antecedent fog of twenty centuries.

Concerning this archangel of our modern world—this special minstrel appointed to remind us of "all we know on earth and all we need to know"—we can never by any possibility be told too much. The total of all that can be said concerning Keats is summed up and incorporated in the monumental volume that has been issued lately by Sir Sidney Colvin. It is now thirty years since the publication of this critic's his monograph on Keats in *The English Men of Letters*. Throughout these decades Sir Sidney Colvin has devoted every hour of his hard won leisure to an ever widening and ever deepening consideration of every item that concerns his chosen hero among all the English poets; and this study of Keats has been a labor of love, a labor of love that has resulted in a work of many details that make the present record absolutely indispensable to future students of the poet.

The present book, which comprises 600 tall and closely printed pages, is notable in the first place as an ultimate repository of all the facts concerning the career of Keats; but it is notable also as a work of creative criticism which deserves to be ranked in future years among the few books dealing with the past which point not merely backward, but forward, by its marvelous annotation, is gifted with the gift of prophecy. For this reason, if not for any other, his biography of Keats seems destined to survive "the iniquity of oblivion" and to identify itself with that eternal force

which the sage of Norwich formulated in the phrase that reminds us of "the alphabet of man."

RETROGRESSION. By William Watson. (John Lane Co.) \$1.25.

THE MAN WHO SAW. By William Watson. (Harper & Bros.) \$1.

William Watson has recently published two more volumes of poetry, *Retrogression* and a series of war poems, *The Man Who Saw*. Of the two collections the war poems are the better; there are a fierceness and a passion in them which are completely lacking in the poetry of the first book. Nineteen of them are sonnets, and sonnets vibrating with feeling. Almost the best is the one to Belgium, which, however, is a better poem than sonnet:

Oh, little ship among the dreadnoughts
Where is the dreadnought that is great
As thou?
The sea break over thee from poop to
bow;
Gone are thy sails and rigging, gone each
mast;
Thy tackle and gear are to the midnight
sea;
But though the tempest ripped and
tore
Thy crew, and captain bore them is even
now
As sage as thou that light the unpassing
night;
Thou hast not met the world's tears! The
coldly wise
That, safely harbored, clutch the shell
With something of strange envy in their
eyes.
Gaze on the splendor of things agone
And hear the feast of food saluting thee
From anchorages old under the neutral
skies.

There follows a sonnet to King Albert, beautiful in the simple dignity of its praise. There is "The Song of Rouget de Lisle," a swinging musical poem, worthy of the writer of the "Marseillaise." The collection ends with recitatives of the same rolling type. But sometimes in *Retrogression* one suspects that Mr. Watson is trying to be funny or clever or satirical, something or other to which the author of his war sonnets need not resort. Yet there is poetry worth reading in this book, too. Several poems to his young daughter, who had "thrice been round the sun," have a charm which would be laudable in a lesser poet. And many of the poems have a nice, almost mechanical idea, which perhaps pleases the reader more than the poem itself. There is something likeable about

WHAT SCIENCE SAYS TO TRUTH.
The mainland is the sea
Thou art to me;
Thou standest stable, while against thy feet
I beat, I beat.

NEW ADVENTURES. By Michael Monahan. (George H. Doran.) \$2.

"Life is pagan, death is Christian," writes Michael Monahan, author of *New Adventures*. Mr. Monahan appreciates the pagan beauty of life, the rhythm and swing and warmth of it. In writing of life, as in writing of poetry, he speaks in poems. The prose of life is not for him—at least not as an essayist, and it is in writing that the author lives. And yet: "Nothing is rarer than to find a writer possessing living literature and life in equal degree. Of the two, it is better for success to be short on literature and long on life," and "At one's best one writes up to the level of somebody's faith and love and admiration—there is no other way to the heights." "Long on life," yes; but life to him is well, pagan. The beautiful, best things of life overbalance what he blindly calls its "practical, every day side. But life of

course is indefinable; suffice it that Mr. Monahan's thoughts of life are such as to enable him to write a book of essays delightful to living people, be their lives pagan or Christian, poetry or prose. From "New York City," the charming description which is growing so rapidly throughout the world, to "Belgium," from Kipling to verse, from the circus to ghosts, his pen trails in self-confessed illegibility—for there is an essay on penmanship as well as one on "Platonics." Illegible though his hand may be, his words send ripples of understanding and sympathy across the human pool of our memory. He wants us to recall and love our half forgotten Latin and Greek with him, and in remembering the beauty of it to forget the weary prefaces of grammar and syntax. To those of us who survived a purely "practical" education he stretches forth a helping hand in impromptu and well done translations, in friendly comments. The essays are written for all of us, be we drenched in the efficiency of modern business or dreaming from a heap of classic philosophy.

BELEIDA OF THE RED CROSS. By Robert W. Hamilton. (Sally & Kiehlstein.) \$1.25.

"Beleida of the Red Cross" is one of the many near-thrilling comic operas that have been springing up like the armored warriors after the sowing of the dragon's teeth. Beleida is as German as she is French, but after she has served an apprenticeship in an American hospital, has been made love to by a Polish man, the French front and has posed as a French girl behind the German lines, she decides that she is an American—and pulls from her bosom a slither flag. (Song: "America, I Love You!")

Beleida is the type of girl who has "something about her"—our author uses us early in the game that it isn't sex charm, and early in the game we suspect that it isn't brains. But there is something about her, for Germans, French, Americans alike lay aside their sizzling bombs and red tipped bayonets to tell her of their love. It would make a nice comic opera.

THE AMERICAN GIRL. By Winston Buck. (The Macmillan Co.) \$1.

The *American Girl*, as its title implies, tells the things which a girl—American or otherwise—should know. It begins with a frank and simply written discussion of the principles of sex, contains a chapter on eating properly, exercising, and ways to keep healthy in general. Mr. Buck takes up the social side of a girl's life, her relations to her family, friends, employers and employees. There is even a chapter on her personal appearance. The book ends with a serious discussion of her work in life, and a chapter on women who have succeeded. It is written for young readers, and in a girl-to-girl style, which has nothing of the older-to-younger person in it. It is the kind of book which the average mother who is perhaps slightly embarrassed to read and not slightly awed by her offspring, should buy.

THE SIX BEST SELLERS.

The list of best sellers in the January Bookman is headed by Winston Churchill's *The Ditching Place of Light* (Macmillan), with Alice Chalmers' *Christine* (Macmillan), Joseph C. Lincoln's *European Book* (Appleton), Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Mistress* (Dodd, Mead), Ralph Connor's *The Major* (Doran), and Mr. Alfred Sidgwick's *Salt of the Earth* (Watt), following in the order named.

New York city indicates a slightly different taste from the general, by placing *Christine* first on the list, and adding among others, H. G. Wells' *The Soul of a Bishop* (Macmillan), and Abraham Cahan's *The Rise of David Levinsky* (Harper).

Of non-fiction books those most in demand are *Joseph H. Sturge*, by Theron Strong (Dodd, Mead); *Militiamen*, by Dr. Karl Liebknecht (Huebsch), and Hugh Gibson's *A Journal From Our Legation in Belgium* (Doubleday).

THE GREATEST OF ALL WAR BOOKS

UNDER FIRE

By Henri Barbusse (La Feu)

The Brooklyn Daily Eagle says: "It is a terrible and a beautiful book. It is terrible because it is so patently true—and to tell the truth of this war from the soldier's point of view is to recount the terrible. It is beautiful because it is so true, so honest, so sympathetic. It aims so high, so noble, so pure, so moral, so ideal, so beautiful, so beautiful because it is so beautiful."

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THE PERILS AND BEAUTIES OF CAMPAIGNING IN AFRICA

MARCHING ON TANGA

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The story of a British campaign in German East Africa, bringing out with equal vividness the wonders of the African tropics and the unique character of the extraordinary military undertaking.

ALREADY IN ITS THIRD EDITION IN ENGLAND

"It is hard to recall any book about this war of a quality at once so imaginative and so real."—*Westminster Gazette*.

"A magical book."—*Evening Standard*.

"It could not have been done better."—*The Globe*.

"An entrancing and any romance."—*The Scotsman*.

Ready January 10. Price \$1.50 Net.

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BANDHOLTZ NAMED BRIGADIER-GENERAL

Chief of Staff Promoted by President.

In the list of nominations to the army sent by the President to the Senate yesterday was the appointment of Col. Harry H. Bandholtz, now serving as chief of staff with the New York National Guard Division at Spartanburg, to be a brigadier-general. It was announced just before Christmas that this nomination would be made.

Col. Bandholtz has had a notable record and his service in aiding in the organization of the New York National Guard is particularly remembered by the officers of the guard and by the officials, and citizens who had occasion to come in contact with the newly named brigadier.

He was born in Michigan December 18, 1864, and appointed to the United States Military Academy from that State. He served in the Sixth, Twenty-fourth, Seventh, Second and Twenty-second regiments of regular infantry before being placed in command in 1907 of the Philippine Constabulary, with the temporary rank of brigadier-general.

In the Spanish-American war, he served as major in the Thirty-fifth Michigan. Among his old associates in the line were Ben Moore, Peter Murray and George S. Simonds, all of whom have climbed rapidly and made notable records in the army.

Col. Bandholtz was designated to command at Plattburg in 1914 and after that time did splendid work with the New York Guard.

MORE DOCKS MAY BE TAKEN.

Government Considers the Use of Many New York Blocks.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—Conferees today between former Congressman Hulbert, now a member of the New York Dock Commission, Secretary Baker and Major-General Black, Chief of Army Engineers, disclosed that the Government is considering taking over another large area of docks, comprising many city blocks along the New York city waterfront.

Commissioner Hulbert also asked for assurances of appropriations for channel improvements to make accessible other docks the city may build.

Baby Dies of Cold in Apartment.

Baby Mary Weinberg, four days old, died in her mother's arms from the cold that pervaded the little apartment at 111 Norfolk street last night while her father was at the Thirteenth precinct headquarters summoning a charity doctor.

Max Weinberg, a tailor, went on a fruitless search for cost yesterday after burning all the wood he was able to buy. The baby and mother were heavily wrapped in clothing, but there was so little warmth that the newborn could not survive. Dr. Bernhardt of Gouverneur Hospital attended the mother and left.

SUES MRS. GOULD'S NEPHEW.

Mrs. Arthur Gould Hamilton Asks Philadelphia Divorce.

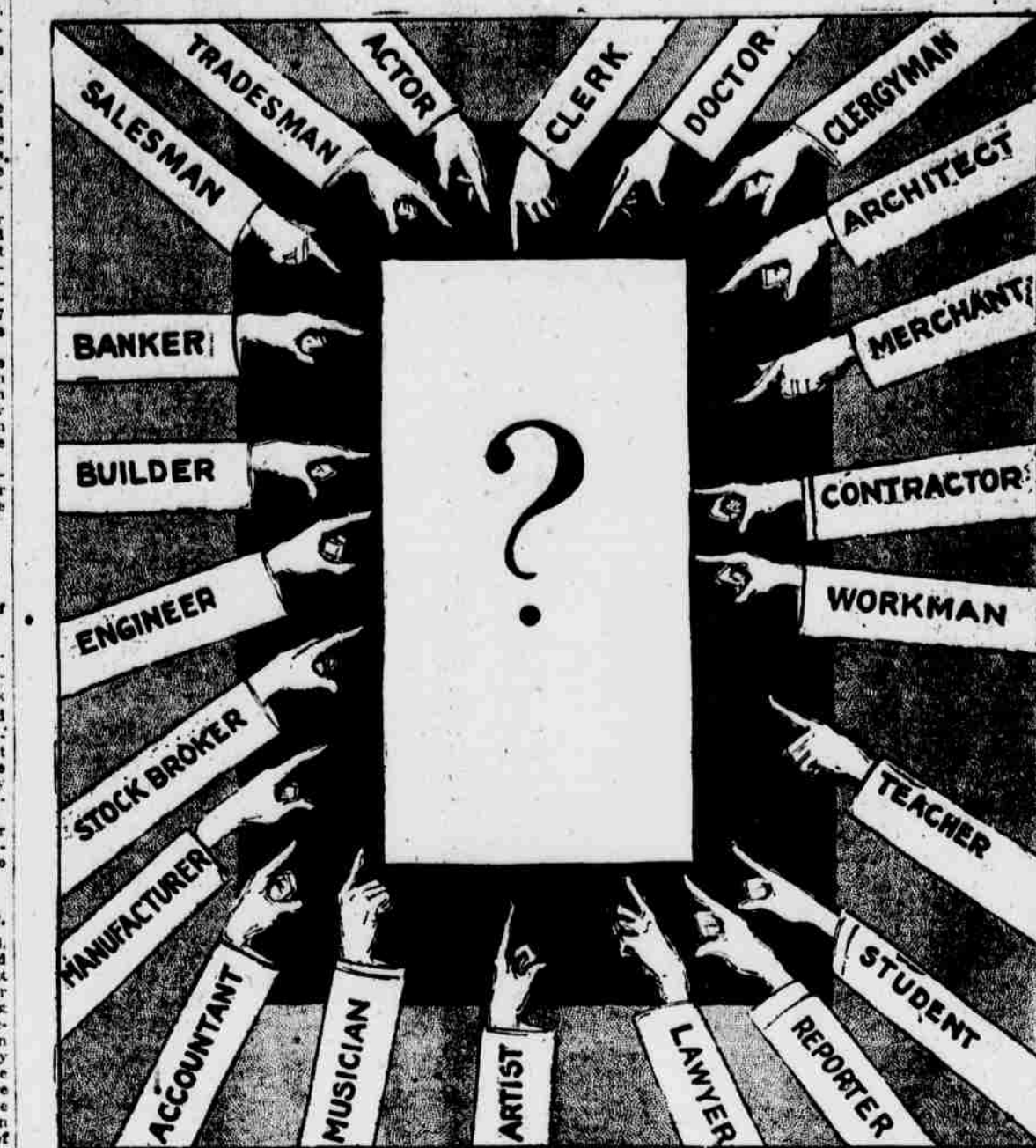
PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 4.—Mrs. Elizabeth Proctor Hamilton of Philadelphia filed suit for divorce to-day from Arthur Gould Hamilton, a nephew of Mrs. George Gould of New York, on the charge of desertion and cruel and barbarous treatment.

The libellant is the daughter of Mrs.

E. K. Lincoln, wife of a New York film producer. Mr. Hamilton's mother is Mrs. William A. Hamilton, a sister of Mrs. Gould. He has been in the American Ambulance Corps in France and is now said to be contemplating a trip to China. His home is in 177 East Sixty-fourth street, New York. Mrs. Hamilton has a home in Germantown, where she resides with one young child.

4 Minute Men Start on W. S. S.

The Four Minute Men, that collection of volunteer orators who are talking to beat the Kaiser before Christmas and motion picture crowds, began to campaign for the War Savings Loan last night. Seventy speakers, under direction of James C. Archibald, visited seventy theatres to urge people to make good New York city's quota of \$100,000,000 in the W. S. S. plan for \$2,000,000,000 in the whole country.



Less Talk—More Guns

Our Army's Need

THE LITERARY DIGEST for January 5th commences the year 1918 (the twenty-eighth year of its existence) overflowing with vital news-articles of immediate interest. In fact, there are several topics so important that in enumerating them it is difficult to say which should come first.

WHY WE WENT TO WAR WITHOUT GUNS covers from every angle the Congressional investigation of the War Department. It presents the criticisms leveled at the Administration and also the evidence adduced in its favor, with comments from the press of the United States.

UNCLE SAM TAKES OVER THE RAILROADS—Is this the first step toward Government ownership? Will the situation continue after the war? To get an answer to such questions THE DIGEST telegraphed to leading editors throughout the country asking for an expression of opinion upon this latest and most radical war-measure, and this article gives illuminating replies from them.

CENTRAL POWERS ANXIOUS TO QUIT deals with a subject of vital human interest, being a resume of public opinion upon Germany's latest peace proposal.

THE TRUTH AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SUGAR-BARREL concludes the story in last week's DIGEST of the investigation of Mr. Hoover and the Food Administration.

Other interesting and instructive topics in this number of THE DIGEST (dated January 5th) are:

Short-Lived Victory at Cambrai
Prussian "Democratic" Franchise
To Win the War with American Coal
The Fuel Value of Wood
Keeping the Workers Well
Saving Wheat by Saving Meat
New York School House-Cleaning
A Catholic Admonishes Catholics
News of Finance and Industry

How Quebec Takes Her Defeat
Saving Food and Winning the War
(Prepared by the U. S. Food Administration)
The Slow Agony of Reims
The Cradle More Fatal Than the Trench
Art and the Life of To-day
Rifling the Tomb of the Savior
Defending the Red Cross

A Striking Collection of Illustrations

THE DIGEST—the Busy Man's Bible, the Doubting Man's Dictionary

Those of us who are busy, and which of us is not in these superstitious times, frequently sigh over the arid wilderness of irrelevant information through which we have to struggle in our daily papers in order to obtain those diamonds in a dust-heap—the items of vital news for which we are seeking. THE LITERARY DIGEST saves you all this trouble.

It derives its resume of the news not merely from a single paper, which would be to retain the latter's view-point, but from a weekly gleaming of all the worth-while publications of the world, recording the result without comment or partiality, adhering to no view-point but reporting all. The facts of the day, focused from all points, are yours in "The Digest."

January 5th Number on Sale To-day—All News-dealers—10 Cents

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FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY (Publishers of the Famous NEW Standard Dictionary), NEW YORK

